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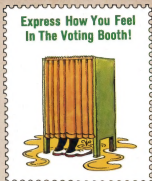
# MAD

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# MAD

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*the usual gang of idiots*

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## NONE LEFT!

Yesiree... none of these full color  
portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's  
"What-He Werry?" kid-suitable for  
framing, or wrapping fish-left our  
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## LETTERS DEPT.



### ONE CUCKOO FLEW OVER THE REST

I'm grateful MAD decided to seek  
asylum. "Cuckoo's Nest" was a magnifi-  
cent choice of a movie, as Jack Nicholson's  
deserved Oscar award indicates. I  
saw it here in Copenhagen, and while at  
school in Zurich. May I say that Mort  
Drucker organized the inmates even bet-  
ter than McGoody did.

Merete Seensig  
Copenhagen, Denmark

Mort Drucker and Dick De Bartolo  
really committed themselves this time.

Sabina D. Romine  
Grants Pass, Ore.

Drucker and De Bartolo feathered that  
"Cuckoo's Nest"!

Tom Bayone  
Cedarstown, Ga.

### MARTIN AT THE WARSAW DIKE

My husband, being Polish, thoroughly  
enjoyed Don Martin's "Late One After-  
noon At The Warsaw Dike." Oddly  
enough, he didn't see anything wrong  
when he first looked at it. I, on the other  
hand, am Bohemian, so I noticed right  
away that the water was on the wrong  
side of the dike.

Vicki Kluska  
Burlington, Iowa

"Late One Afternoon At The Warsaw  
Dike" proves that Don Martin is the best.  
It also proves that he's met my husband!

Edith Kowalski  
Toronto, Ont.  
Canada

In "Warsaw Dike", Don Martin's lit-  
tle guy comes up for air and says "Kopf  
Gahuff Puff Kapf". I wonder if you guys  
realize what that means in Polish?

Sara Jane Rowe  
Arkadelphia, Ark.

By his senseless use of the word  
"Warsaw", Mr. Martin has transformed a  
harmless cartoon into an inherently de-  
meaning ethnic joke.

Earl Divoky  
Arcola, Texas

Poland is nowhere near the sea! Don  
Martin is playing with a stacked dike!  
Caren Croland  
Glen Rock, N.J.

I fail to find anything funny about it!  
Irving Stanislawowicz  
Porterville, Calif.

## LAWSUITS WE'D LIKE TO SEE

Whereas the plaintiffs consist of the  
browsers of fine magazine stands who  
have had to endure a trashy magazine that  
costs 50¢ and calls itself "cheap" even  
though a daily newspaper can be used to  
swat flies at a fraction of the cost. Now,  
therefore, the plaintiffs accuse said mag-  
azine of newstand pollution and demand  
that the writers be sentenced to holding  
their fingers in holes on the wrong side of  
the dike that holds back the residue from  
the National Long-Distance Spitting Con-  
test for a period of at least ten years or  
any intervening dry spell.

John Stetler  
Lawrence, Kan.

### MAD'S "NICE" GRAFFITI

"MAD's 'Nice' Graffiti," by Clarke and  
Siegel, was . . . er . . . a welcome change.  
Chris Marcheschi  
Muskego, Wis.

### THE CREATURE FROM THE MARGINALS

I'm one who delves into the Marginals,  
before reading the rest of the magazine.  
When I finish them, it's like emerging  
from a very special little world!  
Germaine Chomette  
Los Angeles, Calif.

### DISASTER MAGAZINE

The only "Disaster Magazine" I know  
is MAD!

Matthew Meyer  
Fair Haven, N.J.

"Disaster Magazine" is as funny as a  
rubber fire escape!

Dominick Pitarro  
Bronx, N.Y.

...as funny as an usher in the Black  
Hole of Calcutta!

Dennis Burke  
Norristown, Pa.

Paul Peter Porges and Jack Davis are  
MAD's excellent Grin Reapers!  
Cole Steiness  
Marina Del Rey, Calif.



Paul Peter Porges's Idea  
of a Real Disaster!



# BIG CITY PARKING PROBLEMS

This letter is to congratulate Al Jaffee on "MAD Solutions To Big City Parking Problems." With the possible exception of the helicopter bit, these are the most practical problem solvers since your idea of parking empty dump trucks, side by side, throughout the city during a snowstorm. The snow stops, the trucks drive away, clean streets the result. Seriously, Jaffee's parking gimmicks sound as though they might work.

Arthur Berman  
Rego Park, N.Y.

On Jaffee's Ferris Wheel Concept, how do the cars get turned around in their parking space? You show the car headed in and then on the exit it is headed out. Also, the Lazy Susan Facility shows cars nosed in to park but nosed out to exit. It's MADdening!

Royden G. Anderson  
Palmer, Mich.

Al Jaffee can't back out of that one!—Ed.

Thanks to Al Jaffee's "Parking Problems," I solved my own. The only trouble is keeping the car from sliding off my roof.

Mark Berg  
San Antonio, Texas

## ALFRED TREE-PLANTING COVER

I've always been intrigued by the work of Bob Jones, ever since I read of his humanizing animals, such as the Exxon tribute, in a book called "The Art Of Humorous Illustration." Hope Alfred doesn't get trampled in that dog dash.

Kathy Quail  
Waretown, N.J.

Hope the rest of the gang let that desperately "dancing" Dalmatian go first!

Vicki Herrick  
Glenview, Ill.

I'll bet Bob Jones is for the underdog! Greg Fawcett  
Medina, Ohio

## TWO FINGER EXERCISE MINI-POSTER

Your Mini-Poster, "Let Your Fingers Do The Walk-(expletives)," was a real glitch.

Bonnie Levy  
Washington Township, N.J.

Concerning your Mini-Poster on the back of July's issue, whatever happened to "link sausage"?

Holly Weissel  
San Mateo, Calif.

"Fingers" changed my mind about thumbing through MAD!

Roscoe Bunce  
Valley Stream, N.Y.

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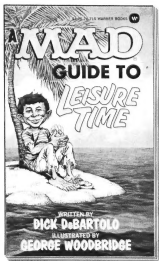
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**SPOCK 'N ROLL DEPT.**

TV being the ridiculous industry it is, no one should be surprised that the hottest show around is one that folded eight years ago. We mean, of course, "Star Trek," which is being kept alive by tens of thousands of dedicated, fanatic "Trekkies." Considering "Star Trek's" popularity, it's only a matter of time before someone turns it into a Broadway Musical. So, before that happens, we'll do it first, with

# KEEP ON THE MAD "S"

**Captain's Log—Stardate: 10-5-76!** Through an incredible time warp, the crew of the Starship "Improvise" has been summoned by some mysterious power to a meeting back aboard the retired ship eight years after the death of the show!

\*Isn't it strange?  
After eight years—  
Him playing Captain again—  
Me with my ears!  
Send in the crew!

Look at me now—  
At my old post—  
Happy that I can forget  
"Barbary Coast!"  
Where is my crew?  
Send in my crew!

See our old ship—  
Down from the sky!  
None of the engines  
Are working.  
And neither am I!

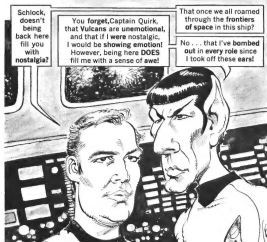
Once I was saving  
Their lives with  
My medical skill  
Where am I now?  
Over the hill

How have we done?  
Not well, we fear—  
Typecast as specimen,  
Which means...  
We've no career!  
So send in the crew!  
This old, washed-up crew!  
We're better off here!



\*Sung to the tune of "Send In The Clowns"

# ON TREKIN' "STAR TREK" MUSICAL

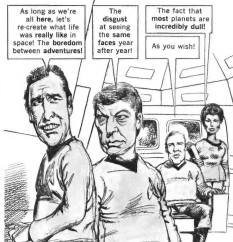


Schlock, doesn't being back here fill you with nostalgia?

You forget, Captain Quirk, that Vulcans are unemotional, and that if I were nostalgic, I would be showing emotion! However, being here **DOES** fill me with a sense of awe!

That once we all roamed through the frontiers of space in this ship?

No... that I've bombed out in every role since I took off these ears!



As long as we're all here, let's re-create what life was really like in space! The boredom between adventures!

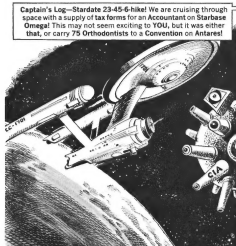
The disgust at seeing the same faces year after year!

The fact that most planets are incredibly dull!

As you wish!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Captain's Log—Stardate 23-45-6-hike! We are cruising through space with a supply of tax forms for an Accountant on Starbase Omega! This may not seem exciting to YOU, but it was either that, or carry 75 Orthodoxists to a Convention on Antares!



Look sharp, Mr. Sumul Level off at Warp Five... and keep a steady course!

Listen to the way he orders us around! He's **POWER-MAD!**

And keep an eye out for the Great White Whale!

Not to mention **CRAZY!**

Let's face it! Space is a **DRAG...**

\*What do you get when you fly through space?  
You're locked in a ship and don't feel human,  
Cooped up in space with smelly crewmen—  
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—  
I'll never fly through space again!



I'd rather join the un-em-plied  
Than cir-cle some stu-pid ast-er-oid!  
Watchin' some stupid planet dyin'  
Somewhere out there in East Orion!



\*Sung to the tune of "I'll Never Fall In Love Again"

What do you eat when you fly through space?  
Those heat-n-serve meals from Starbase Alpha,  
Tasting like hunks of dried alfalfa—  
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—  
I'll never fly through space again!



What do you do when you fly through space?  
You twiddle your thumbs and you count the hours;  
Then when you're through, you take cold showers—  
I-I'll...never fly through space again-n-n—  
I'll never fly through space again!



Captain, I've  
been checking  
our roster! Of  
480 crewmen  
aboard, 475  
DO NOTHING!

They only seem to do nothing.  
Mr. Schlock! Actually, each is  
a minor actor who will shortly  
appear in an episode... and  
be KILLED!! Without THEM,  
WE couldn't survive! See...

\*As your ship...goes through the gal-axy  
To distant worlds...way past Mars—  
Make sure...that your ad-ven-tures  
Do...not...kill...off...your...stars!

And you can do it with  
A crew that's dispensible—  
A crew that's dispensible—  
Dis-pens-i-ble!  
Dis-pens-i-ble!



\*Sung to the tune of "The Age Of Aquarius"



Minor actors that you bring on  
Perish when they meet a Klingon!  
One-time players not seen later  
Vanish in a planet's crater!  
Those of us who try to aid them  
Fail because the script has made them  
Dis-pens-i-ble!  
DIS-PENS-I-BLE!

**CAPTAIN!!**  
The ship  
can't TAKE  
any more!

You mean . . . the  
**SUPERSTRUCTURE**  
can't stand our  
incredible speed?!

No . . . the **CREW**  
can't stand your  
terrible singing!  
We're close to  
a **MUTINY!!**

Dr. McGoy,  
I think  
I've got a  
ruptured  
appendix!

Take it our your-  
self! I'm just not  
interested in trite,  
hackneyed Earth  
ailments any more!



"I'm a doctor out in space,  
And, like, I really groove this place.  
Because of all the rare dis-ease-s—  
Not like your silly coughs or sneezes!  
Treating ail-ments that no man be-fore has seen  
is real keen—  
They are my kinds...of sick-ness!

Observe that crewman rub his leg;  
Last week he got the Neptune Plague;  
Today his joints are blue and yel-low—  
In seven days he'll turn to Jel-lo—  
And that last re-main-ing blob I'll an-a-lyze  
When he dies—  
This is my kind...of sick-ness!



While beaming up from Gamma II,  
I thought this man had caught the flu;  
But then his mouth was growing fangs there—  
And now from ceilings he just hangs there—  
As I sit and listen to his last re-quests,  
I'll run tests—  
This is my kind . . . of sick-ness!

Oh, what a joy it is to see  
Each brand-new unknown mal-a-dy—  
These men are pleading, "Won't you cure us  
"I'fom what we picked up on Arc-tur-us?"  
And with ev-ry dying gurg-le in their throats,  
I'll make notes—  
These are my kinds...of sick-ness!



\*Sung to the tune of "The Sound Of Silence"

There's only **ONE THING** I love better than a space disease, and that's bailing Mr. Schlock!

Hey, Schlock! Why does a Vulcan have pointed ears?

I... I don't know! Why...?

So he can count to twelve!

**ANOTHER "Vulcan Joke"!** How long must I put up with this mockery?! If only these clods knew how a Vulcan really feels!

\*It's having pointed ears and hearing crewmen telling Vulcan jokes on ship; And it's always playing straight-man to McGoy, who thinks I'm something of a freak; And it's chatting with computers and discovering I bore them and they're only chatting back just to be kind; And it's reaching the conclusion that I'm looked on as a weirdo and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's having blood that's green and with your stomach situated 'bove your heart; And it's knowing how to paralyze a Romulan by fingering his neck; And it's working here with Quirk and all his Earthlings who compared to me are morons of the least developed kind; And it's reaching the conclusion that they've cast me as a "token" and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!

It's mastering telepathy and knowing what the other crewmen think; And finding out there's nothing on their minds but sex and making out in space; And it's having no emotions so I really have no inkling of what "making out" means to the human mind; And it's reaching the conclusion that I must be missing something and a Vulcan's life is nothing but a grind!



\*Sung to the tune of "Gentle On My Mind"

Sir, I'm picking up faint signals from Planet Pinkus!

Any life forms there, Mr. Schlock?

The computer print-out indicates a rapidly-increasing population existing in a polluted environment in which people settle differences through war—crime—and violence!

You idiot! You're reading the print-out for Planet EARTH!



I'm getting **SINGING COMMERCIALS** from three different Pinkus Tourist Bureaus...!

Quick! Switch on the **Deep-Scanning Video Screen!**

"What good is sitting Up there in your ship When you could be Our guest? Beam down to Pinkus West, My friends! Beam down to Pinkus West!"



\*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Cabaret"



You'll want to stay in  
Our fancy resorts;  
You'll say our food's  
The best!  
Beam down to Pinkus West,  
My friends!  
Beam down to Pinkus West!

Come bring your cash  
For souvenirs!  
Come bring your ...

Yecchi! They're  
terrible! Let's hear  
the second group ...



\*Pinkus East—  
That's where budget-conscious  
Spacemen feast—  
Where you get the most and  
Spend the least—  
So beam on down  
To Pinkus East!

If you wait,  
You may miss our low Off-  
Season rate—  
It's a bargain at  
\$9.98—  
So beam on down  
To ...

They're  
even  
worse!  
Switch  
on the  
third  
group!



\*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Yesterday"

\*How many spots out in space have hotels  
That are on the Am-er-i-can Plan?  
Yes, how many spots have a bi-nar-y sun  
Where a guy gets a two-sided tan?  
Yes, how many spots can you name with great broads  
That go wild for a pointed-ear man?  
The answer, my friends, is here on Pinkus South!  
The answer is here in Pinkus South!

Well, Mr. Schlock ... ?

I don't know  
about YOU,  
Captain, but  
I'm beaming  
down to  
Pinkus South!



\*Sung (briefly) to the tune of "Blowing In The Wind"

There  
could be  
trouble, so  
put your  
phasers  
on "Stun"!

According to my  
Tricorder Reading,  
the inhabitants  
are BEAUTIFUL  
YOUNG WOMEN!

In that  
case ...  
put your  
phasers  
on  
"Caress"!



I am Varma, Queen of Pinkus, Darling of the  
Galaxy, Goddess of the Song-Cue! I have the  
power to grant you and your crew immortality!

Us? Immortal? With our ratings,  
we won't even last the Season!!

You will never  
die, because—

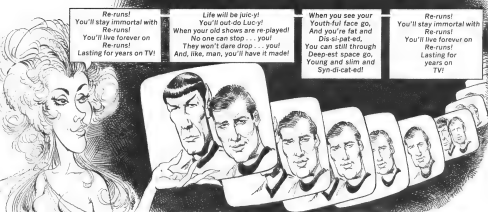
\*When you're has-sied  
By your network,  
And your ratings  
Turn to rubble,  
Don't despair if  
You can't get work;  
There's an ans-er  
To your trou-ble—

Re-runs!  
You'll stay immortal with  
Re-runs!  
You'll live forever on  
Re-runs!  
Lasting for  
Years on  
TV!

When fresh plots are  
Hard to dream up  
And each dis-tant  
Star you've been to,  
Don't fret when they  
Split your team up;  
You'll survive by  
Get-ting in-to



\*Sung to the tune of "Call Me"



**Captain's Log—Stardate: 54-40 or fight! Our flashback is over and we're back where we were when this musical started—still waiting for that mysterious power who summoned us together eight years after the death of our show!**

Sorry to keep  
you waiting,  
Gentlemen!  
Now, let's get  
right down to  
business . . .

So YOU'RE the Mysterious Power!!

That's right! I'm a Vice-President  
of NBC! We want you and your crew  
to fly through space again . . . coast  
to coast . . . on Network Prime Time!

Are you crazy?  
We'd be out  
of our minds!  
We're sitting  
pretty the  
way we are!

We're idolized  
by thousands  
of Sci-Fi fans!  
We're mobbed by  
gorgeous teen-  
age "Trekkies"!

We've got it made with  
RE-RUNS and LECTURES  
and CONVENTIONS! With  
ROYALTIES pouring in  
from BOOKS and MODELS  
and TOYS and POSTERS!

We  
don't  
need  
YOU!  
We've  
got—



\*Money!  
That's the reason  
We don't have a care!  
Money!  
Oh, yesiree, we  
Really get our share!

See the Trekkies out there  
Who are buying our stuff;  
They're hooked, we swear,  
And that's enough!

Yes,  
Money  
Coming  
Through—  
We love  
You!

Money!  
Piling up in  
Big, e-nor-mous stacks!  
Money!  
From the sales of  
Kits and pap-er-backs!

Let's cheer those kids  
Who go in hock  
From buy-ing dolls  
Of Mr. Schlock!

Oh,  
Money!  
We love  
You!  
Yes, we  
Do!



"Sung to the tune of 'Sunny'"



## SMELLY FEATS DEPT.

We have always been intrigued with *The Guinness Book Of World Records*, which lists feats and undertakings that are greater, taller, faster, smaller or older than any others. Recently, MAD began compiling its own set of World Records. And—you know what we found out? We found out that many famous World Records have led to Lesser-Known Follow-Up Records that are even more amazing and stupefying. To show you what we mean, here are excerpts from...

### THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

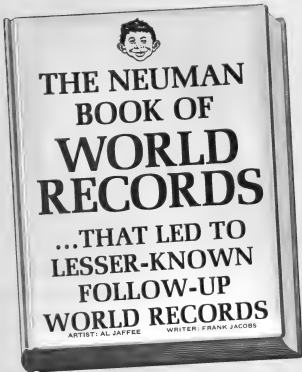


The World Record for Eating Chocolate Bars was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skron City, Idaho, who consumed 187 6-ounce Hershey Milk Chocolate Bars in 37 minutes on December 20, 1974.

### THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record for Acne was set by Lydia Ann Snavely, of Skron City, Idaho, who suffered 811 eruptions of facial pimples, hickies and blemishes between December 20 and 26, 1974.



### THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The Largest Diamond Ever Discovered was found by Mervyn X. Waxbush, who uncovered a stone that weighed 455 carats in a field outside of Preteria, South Africa, March 13, 1922. The diamond was valued, before cutting, at nearly \$5,000,000.

### THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The World Record for Marriage Proposals Received By A Man was held by Mervyn X. Waxbush of Pretoria, South Africa, who received 958 proposals of marriage from women between Mar., 1922, and his death from physical exhaustion in August, 1925.

# THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Pay Telephone was installed in New York City on November 1, 1888.

# THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The record for The Fastest Removal Of An Appendix is held by Dr. Ed Greber of Boston, who, working quickly on the morning of June 1, 1955, removed the appendix from a patient in 55 seconds.

# THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The record for Most Fingers Accidentally Cut Off During An Operation belongs to interne Myran Klutz, who had four fingers sliced off while assisting Dr. Ed Greber in Boston on June 1, 1955.

# THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Pay Telephone To Go Out Of order occurred in New York City on Nov. 1, 1888, and was reported by Elmo Jay Finsterhoff. Elmo, incidentally, also became The First Person To Ever Lose Money In A Pay Telephone on that date.

# THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The record for Water Consumption is held by tourist Elmo Yancey, who, on April 10, 1955, drank three gallons in the village of Carramba, Mexico, after he'd crossed the Baja on foot.

# THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The record for Kaopectate Consumption is held by Elmo Yancey, who, during a seige of "Montezuma's Revenge," drank the contents of thirty-four 12-ounce bottles from April 10th to 15th, 1966.

# THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Golf Course was completed on August 15, 1644 in a field outside the village of Tavish, Scotland, by Angus MacPherson after 7 years of hard work.

# THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



The First Golfer To Break A Club In Disgust was Angus MacPherson, after playing three holes of a course near Tavish, Scotland on August 15, 1644.

# THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



The First Practical Set of Binoculars was invented in 1657 by Antonio Della Scappini, an Italian scientist, who lived in the crowded city of Gronza.

THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD

[illegible]

#### THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



THE FAMOUS OFFICIAL WORLD RECORD



#### THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



#### THE LESSER-KNOWN FOLLOW-UP RECORD



**The Most Subscriptions To A Magazine Ever Cancelled In A Single Day occurred the day after issue #186 of MAD Magazine went on sale, Aug. 17, 1978.**

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

# DON MARTIN

presents

# "THE STORY OF MOSES"

## PART I—MOSES .... AS A



## PART II—MOSES .... AS A



## PART III—MOSES .... AS A



# CHILD



# SMALL BOY



# YOUNG MAN



## PART IV-MOSES.... AS AN OLD MAN



Since his death, so many Wills supposedly written by Howard Hughes have appeared that we have lost count. Obviously, they all can't be real. But with an estate valued in excess of two billion dollars, who can blame anyone for trying to grab a piece and become a millionaire? In fact, we here at MAD feel very strongly that you, Dear Reader, should not be left out! So enter your name in the proper space provided in the attached "official" and "authorized" Document, rush down to your Post Office (remembering that old cliché: "First come, first probated.") and mail in your copy of

# MAD'S "DO-IT-YOURSELF" HOWARD HUGHES WILL

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

March 3, 1976

I, Howard R. Hughes, being of sound mind and body (sound mind and body for me, at least!), hereby declare this to be my LAST "official" and "authorized" Will:

All of the uncensored and unretouched photographs I personally took of Jane Russell and her unique constructions, I bequeath to Frank Sinatra, who should appreciate them.

My famous wooden airplane, tastelessly nicknamed "The Spruce Goose," I bequeath to Hugh Hefner, who recently was forced to give up his own flying self-indulgence.

All of my beautiful women, regardless of their current condition, I bequeath to Burt Reynolds, regardless of his current condition.

That top-secret CIA Russian Submarine Recovery Ship, which costs about \$18,000 a day to maintain, I bequeath to the Sea Scouts of America. So sell a lot of cookies, kids!

And the entire balance of my estate, valued at about two billion dollars -- give or take a few million -- I bequeath to because NOT ONCE during my lifetime did this person ever touch me, bother me, help me, or even try to contact me!!

Written and signed by:

Howard R. Hughes

Witnessed by:

Clifford Irving  
Alfred E. Newman





# RING!



Hello? **WHAT ...???** Say that again!! **WHAT ...???** I'm going to report this to the Telephone Company!!

Who IS that ...?



I don't know! Some **WEIRDO ...** making an obscene phone call!



**REALLY?!** What's he saying?!

I don't know! That's why I'm reporting it to the Phone Company! There's so much static on the line, I can't hear a word he's saying!!



# DISSE

WRITER &  
ARTIST:  
DAVID BERG

We have the noisiest darn neighbors!!

Oh ... really?



They're always arguing and calling each other terrible names and banging things around and playing their television much too loud!

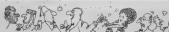


Frankly, I don't know what you're talking about! I don't hear a thing!



Of course you don't!

You gotta have a **GLASS** up against the wall!!



THAT DAMN RADIATOR-KNOCKING IS DRIVING ME OUT OF MY MIND!!

Don't knock it!

Just remember the times we nearly froze in this apartment, hoping for some heat!

That's true, but ...

So just be thankful that at least we're getting some steam!

Normally, I WOULD be ...!!

BUT NOT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE SUMMER!!!

AUGUST						
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



What's that buzzing sound?

It's a built-in safety device! The buzzer will stop buzzing when you put on your seat belt!

Well, I'm not gonna let some mindless gadget tell ME what to do! No matter HOW grating it is on my nerves, I WON'T GIVE IN!

Go ahead! Buzz away all you want! You won't break my spirit! My will is strong! My endurance is limitless! I can take it!

Well, I can't! It's awful!

In that case, I'll put on my seat belt! But remember ... it was YOU, not ME that gave in!



DAMN THOSE PEOPLE AND THEIR WILD NOISY PARTIES!!

KNOCK KNOCK



Hey, Lipkin! Why are you knocking up at me!!! I'm not having the wild noisy party! It's the Levitts ... two flights up!!

I know! Just pass it on!!



Wouldn't you know it?! I go to a nice quiet restaurant . . . and a couple comes in with a baby and picks the next table! Now the brat will start to cry and scream and ruin my meal!



Just keep your eye on your watch! In thirty seconds, the little monster is gonna start howling! It never fails!



WAA!



See? What did I tell you! Boy, some people are so inconsiderate!

Sir, could I ask you to stop smoking that cigar! It's so inconsiderate of you! It's ruining our meal, and the smell is making our baby cry!



YAAAH!



Lady, will you please call off your dog?!



Not to worry! Don't you know barking dogs don't bite? See? He's wagging his tail!

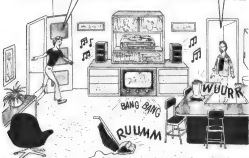
I see! I see! But on the other end, I ALSO see a lot of gnashing teeth!!



Which end do I believe???



Good God, what's going on here? You've got a radio and a TV on! AND you're running your vacuum cleaner . . . AND your mix-master! What kind of craziness is that?!



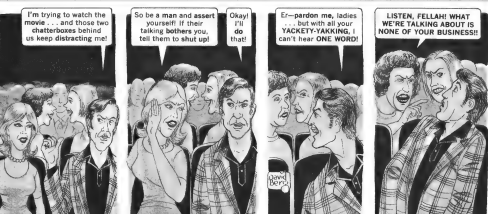
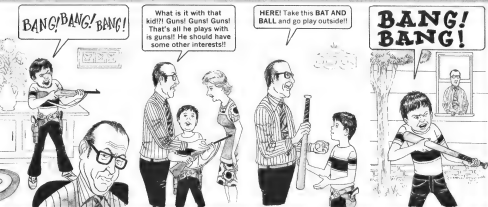
Living alone is a real bummer! I turn all those things on so it won't seem quite so lonely! I'll switch them off . . .

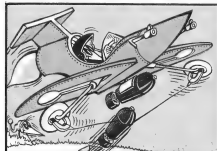
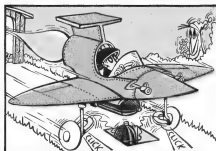
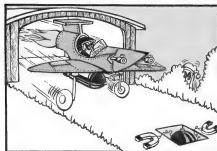
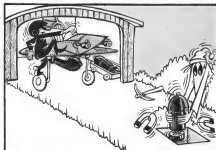
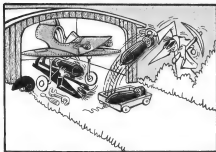
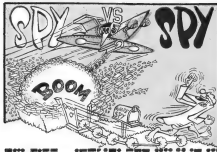
If you're THAT lonely, why don't you get married, or get a roommate?!

I don't think that would work out!

I wouldn't know how to switch off a PERSON!



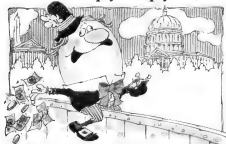




## VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

What's going on in Nursery Land these days? Well, Tom, Tom the Piper's Son is stuffing ballot boxes, and Jack and Mrs. Sprat are splitting their votes between the Democrats and G.O.P. In other words, it's voting time for Solomon Grundy and his friends, which is our way of introducing . . .

### Humpty Dumpty

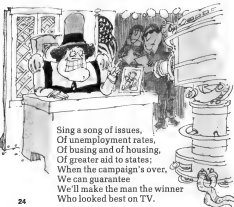


Humpty Dumpty made an address;  
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend less!"  
All the conservative voters agreed  
That Humpty in office was sure to succeed.

Humpty Dumpty spoke to the poor;  
Humpty Dumpty hollered, "Spend more!"  
All of the liberal voters concurred  
That Humpty by far was the one they preferred.

Humpty Dumpty stays on the fence;  
Humpty Dumpty knows this makes sense;  
He'll win all the voters up North and down South  
By making full use of both sides of his mouth.

### Sing a Song of Issues



Sing a song of issues,  
Of unemployment rates,  
Of busing and of housing,  
Of greater aid to states;  
When the campaign's over,  
We can guarantee  
We'll make the man the winner  
Who looked best on TV.

# MAD'S

### Little Bo Peep



Little Bo Peep  
Is fast asleep  
And that's the way she'll stay;  
Little Jack Horner  
Lies flat in his corner  
And won't wake up today;  
Little Boy Blue  
Is dozing, too—  
There isn't a soul who's awake;  
Why are they snoring?  
From hearing those boring  
Long speeches their candidates make.

### The Crooked Man



There was a crooked man,  
And he had a crooked laugh,  
And he ran a crooked office,  
And he hired a crooked staff.

He served a crooked term,  
And he did a crooked job,  
And he rammed through crooked bills  
For a crooked local mob.

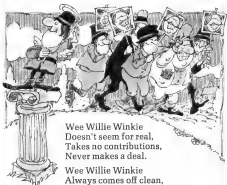
Why back the crooked man  
When his crooked ways you see?  
Because the rival candidate  
Is crookeder than he.



# ELECTION-YEAR MOTHER GOOSE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR. WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

## Wee Willie Winkie



Wee Willie Winkie  
Doesn't seem for real,  
Takes no contributions,  
Never makes a deal.

Wee Willie Winkie  
Always comes off clean,  
Free from all corruption,  
Owned by no machine.

Wee Willie Winkie  
Rids himself of sin;  
Maybe that's why Willie  
Never seems to win.

## Harry is a Congressman



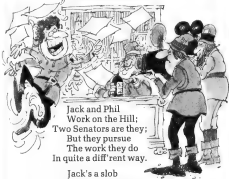
Harry is a Congressman  
In Washington, D.C.,  
And in his spacious office there  
You'll meet his fam-i-ly.

His brother is his right-hand man  
(he's never worked before);  
His father gets 12 grand a year  
(he's paid to shut the door).

His wife works as his filing clerk  
(she cannot read or write);  
His daughter mans the telephone  
(a chimp is twice as bright).

Today when unemployment's high  
And folks can't pay their rents,  
How nice to know one fam-i-ly's  
Found work—at our expense.

## Jack and Phil



Jack and Phil  
Work on the Hill;  
Two Senators are they;  
But they pursue  
The work they do  
In quite a diff'rent way.

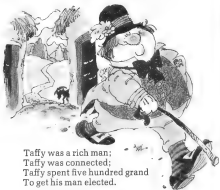
Jack's a slob  
Who muffs his job,  
While Phil achieves perfection;  
It should be clear  
Which one this year  
Is up for re-election.

## The Other Day Upon the Stair



The other day upon the stair  
I saw a man who wasn't there;  
He wasn't there again today;  
I think he's from the C.I.A.

## Taffy Was a Rich Man



Taffy was a rich man;  
Taffy was connected;  
Taffy spent five hundred grand  
To get his man elected.

Taffy's now Ambassador  
And struts around with pride;  
Why don't you spend five hundred grand  
And you'll be qualified.

## Tweedledum and Tweedledee



Tweedledum and Tweedledee  
Were running for the House,  
When Tweedledum smeared Tweedledee  
By calling him a louse.

Tweedledee said Tweedledum  
Had caused a vicious stink,  
Then spread the word that Tweedledum  
Was going to a "Shrink."

Tweedledum said Tweedledee  
Was vile and full of bunk;  
"The problem is," said Tweedledum,  
"That Tweedledee's a drunk."

Tweedledee said Tweedledum  
Was wrong in ev'ry way,  
Then whispered to a columnist  
That Tweedledum was gay.

Today I heard that Tweedledee  
Was spotted at an orgy;  
To hell with both—Election Day  
I'll write in Georgie Porgie!

## As I Was Watching NBC



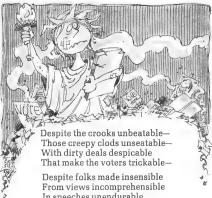
As I was watching NBC,  
I heard a newsman telling me  
Although returns were barely in  
That A would lose and B would win.

As I was watching CBS,  
I heard an analyst profess  
That his computer could foresee  
That C should now concede to D.

As I was watching ABC,  
I heard that F would unseat E,  
And, from 12 votes in Tennessee,  
That H would wind up beating G.

As I turned off my set, I swore,  
"What good are voters anymore?  
"We might as well get rid of them  
"And leave the vote to IBM."

## Despite the Crooks Unbeatable



Despite the crooks unbeatable—  
Those creepy clogs unseatable—  
With dirty deals despicable  
That make the voters trickable—

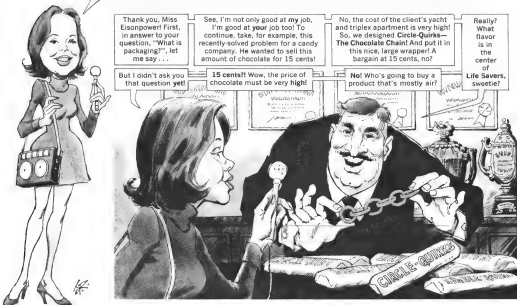
Despite folks made insensible  
From views incomprehensible  
In speeches unendurable  
By party hacks incurable—

Despite campaigns regrettable  
With promises forgettable—  
Despite the rumors spreadable—  
Our system works—Incredible!



Hi! I'm Julie Eisonpower with another in-depth interview for MAD Magazine!  
Why me? I don't know, either! They said they needed somebody who was "close to deception," but I don't know what that has to do with me! I don't know anyone like that, except for my interviewee, Mr. Alan Caveat-Emptor. . .

# MAD'S PACKAGER OF THE YEAR



ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

WRITER: STAN HART



Let's stick to the subject of packaging ...

This is packaging! I've got an expensive hair piece, capped teeth, the works!



I mean some of your successful attempts!

Well, our work with the razor blade people has been sharp! Only one blade can be used at a time, but how many can be bought at a time! Five, ten, twenty ... welcome to the Wonderful World of Multi-Pak!



It appears to be an advantage to the consumer!

Appears is my middle name! The Multi-Pak allows us to sandwich second-rate blades between the first-rate blades! If the first and last shaves are smooth, the consumer forgets everything in-between!



I think it's just dreadful that you channel all your energies ...

Energy! That's where it's at today! Everything is battery operated! Profit, thy name is Multi-Pak! Look at this winner—our best-selling 3-pak!

Is it the best deal for the money?

The worst! Most gadgets that operate on this sized battery need either 2 or 4 batteries to run it! By packaging them only in sets of three, well, you can see what it means!

They can save the extra and ...

Dead before they ever get to use it! It's "3-pak time" again!

Another miracle of modern packaging, the blister pack! Let's watch that man try to open one ...

It looks difficult!

Wrong—Impossible!



You sound as if you're pleased ...

Of course! It was my idea! The customer gets so frustrated, he has to buy aspirin!

And you just happen to package that, too!

Considering who you are, you're pretty smart! Yes, aspirin is another winner for me! The "child proof" protection cap was an inspiration!

You mean because children can't open it?

I take back what I said, dummy! No, because adults can't open it, either! More headaches!

Which means, of course more sales!

I take back what I just took back!



Welcome to the Wonderful World of Disposables! When you don't need it anymore—you get rid of it!

How did you arrive at that idea?

By observing how people in ad agencies treat their business associates!

Chauvinistically speaking, packaging for men is small potatoes! Packaging for women—that's where the fun is! See that woman looking at those steaks?

She seems to like what she sees...

It's what she doesn't see that brings in the profits!

You think they're gonna show the side with all the fat, gristle and greenish color?

CONSUMER RESEARCH

SUPERMARKET TESTING DEPT.

Isn't there some talk that feeding meat wrapped in this kind of plastic causes cancer in rats?

If you're rich enough to feed your rats meat, you're rich enough not to worry about what happens to them!

Why are those women squeezing those rolls of toilet paper?

Because of the big ad campaign telling them not to! It's the old "forbidden fruit" game! And the sales have been tremendous!

I guess people prefer softer toilet tissue!

Don't be a ninny! Tissue is tissue! Anything that's wound loosely is gonna feel softer!

Another example of where the public is buying air?

Exactly! And if they don't like it, they know what they can do with it! Come to think of it, that's what they do with it whether they like it or not!

How about that woman weighing those packages of paper towels? One obviously weighs more than the other! Is that another case of "air"?

No, one really does weigh more than the other!

Well, I'm glad to see one case of honest...

Honest, shmonest! The cardboard tube in the center weighs more!

Look at this beautiful package. Doesn't that dish look scrumptious?

Is that what's on the inside of the package?

How old are you? What's in the package is a clump of soggy vegetables held together by ice! The picture only suggests what to do with the contents!



I see! In other words, the housewife can use the vegetables as the basic ingredients in a gourmet dish!

Sure, if she also happens to be a French Chef!



Snack food is a tribute to modern packaging!

How come?

We take surplus corn, potatoes and cheese that sells for 25c a pound, package it, and sell it for 95c a half pound! Then we pump so many chemicals into these things that kids can either eat them or use them for experiments!



I see what you mean! Look at this list of **preservatives!** It can't possibly be good for people!

Not now, perhaps, but later it saves them big money! Figuring on an average of two of these packages a week, by the time the consumer dies, he'll have enough preservatives in his body to make the expensive embalming procedures unnecessary!



Seasonal packaging also plays a big part in high profits. Candy manufacturers, for example, use the opportunity to dump a lot of stale stuff that didn't sell the rest of the year by dressing it up in "Trick or Treat Paks" at Halloween!



How do they get away with that?

Easy—the adults think it must be fresh 'cause it says "Special for Halloween," and they give it out as treats! Once the kids taste the stuff, they think it's a trick! It's all in keeping with the Halloween spirit!



Part of the fun in this business is finding additional uses for products! Like this baking soda! We tell people to place an open box in their refrigerators!

Oh, I've seen those ads. The baking soda is supposed to guard against bad odors!

Right! And when they want to bake, they end up buying two boxes!

You mean because they forgot about the one in the refrigerator?

Correct! No American housewife ever knows what's in her refrigerator! Besides, even if she does remember, who's gonna use that stuff for baking after it's trapped all those lousy smells.



And now, the coup de grace! Le gran finale! The spray can! The wonderful, beautiful, glorious spray can!

But isn't the gas used in spray cans harmful? Scientists claim it will affect the atmospheric layers that protect us from the sun's rays and . . .

What do scientists know? Didn't they once say the world was flat!

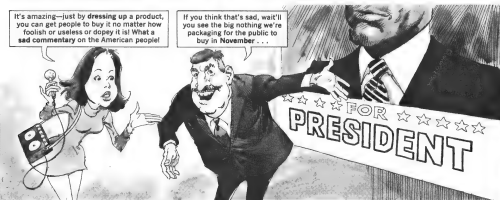
Yes, but then they agreed it was round!

If they can change their minds about the world, they can change their minds about spray cans!



It's amazing—just by dressing up a product, you can get people to buy it no matter how foolish or useless or dopey it is! What a sad commentary on the American people!

If you think that's sad, wait'll you see the big nothing we're packaging for the public to buy in November . . .



# HAS ANYBODY EVE

PHOTO RESEARCH BY: JERRY DE FUCCIO

A DRUNK IN A NIGHTCLUB TELL THEM TO

OR A RAGGED BEGGER



Tennis, anyone?



INTO A ROOM AND SAY

OR A BARTENDER SHOUT



Oh, well ...back  
to the old  
drawing board!



OR AN UNSUCCESSFUL INVENTOR SAY

OR A POLICEMAN CALL

No tickee,  
No shirtee!



LAUNDRYMAN SAY

OR A COACH TELL A TEAM

It's not whether  
you win or lose  
... it's how you  
play the game!



OR

Okay,  
Buddy, where's  
the fire?!



OR A TRAFFIC COP ASK A SPEEDER

OR A GUY COME ON WITH

Stop the presses!



EDITOR YELL

OR A MUGGER WITH A GUN SAY

Stick 'em up!!



OR



# R REALLY HEARD...

WRITER: LARRY SHARP



ASK

OR A NEWSCASTER SAY



OR SOMEONE BOUND



OR A LUMBERJACK YELL

OR A POLICE RADIO BLARE



Calling all cars!

Calling all cars!



OUT

OR A TRAINED PARROT SQUAWK



OR A CHINESE



A PHOTOGRAPHER SAY

OR A STAR IN A FLOP SAY



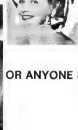
OR A SEXY FRENCH LADY SHOUT



OR A NEWSPAPER



SOMEONE SAY TO A CAB DRIVER



OR ANYONE SAY



# THE ERA OF OUR WAYS DEPT.

In the beginning, Adam and Eve had two sons, Cain and Abel . . . and thus formed the world's first family. And from them, Mankind received a wonderful Legacy and a Code of Living that has served families for generations, namely: (a) Don't talk to snakes! . . . and (b) If your brother bugs you, hit him with a rock! But if some things remain the same, others change—particularly in the U.S. in the 20th century. So join us now as MAD Magazine examines . . .

# THE CHANGING ATTITUDES OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



... FROM THE EARLY 1900'S ... THROUGH THE MIDDLE 1900'S ... RIGHT ON UP TO TODAY

## SEX

EARLY 1900'S

During this period, hardly anyone in the family ever discussed the subject of Sex.

But I'm nineteen years old! Isn't it about time you told me about sex?!

SEX?!? Why, you dirty, rotten, evil, disgusting foul-mouthed young lady!

Henry! That is no way to talk to your WIFE!!



MIDDLE 1900'S

Then, people talked about Sex. There was only one problem: They had it all wrong!

But all along, I thought the STORK brings the baby, and that's it!

God, are you stupid! Didn't you ever hear of SEX?!? First of all, the man . . . bzzzz bzzzz . . . And then the woman . . . bzzzz bzzzz . . . And then the two of them . . . bzzzz bzzzz bzzzz bzzzz . . .

Really?!? No kidding? And then what?!?

And THEN the Stork brings the baby!!



... AND TODAY

Nowadays, of course, everybody talks about Sex, everybody knows about it, and practically everybody's doing it.

Mom and I are proud of you, Anni! We heard that you and Steve were the only students in the history of your college who didn't go to bed together on your first date!

That's true, Dad! But we DID make out on a couch, on the floor, on a beach, and on a set of trapezes in the school gymnasium!





## RELIGION

EARLY  
1900'S

During this period, just about everybody went to Church...

Wonderful sermon, Father Garrity!

Thank you! And it's so nice to see your children with you! God helps those who go to Church!

God help THEM if they DON'T!



MIDDLE  
1900'S

Then, people weren't going to Church quite as often as before. And even when they DID go, some weird things were happening...

Well, Nancy, don't you feel like a much better Christian, now that you've confessed all of your sins?

I sure do, Father! And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm meeting my boy friend at the Boom-Boom Motel!

The Boom-Boom Motel?! What's going on there?

I'll tell you all about it at NEXT week's Confession!



...AND  
TODAY

If you can believe it...nowadays, even WEIRDER things are happening!

Mom! Dad! Guess what! I'm getting married!

How wonderful! We must contact Father O'Hara! He officiated at your Sister's wedding!

He's already agreed to marry me!

Father O'Hara will be officiating at your ceremony?

No! Like I said... he's agreed to MARRY ME!



## RESPECT

EARLY  
1900'S

In this period, the Family was ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence—the American Father.

TODAY, WE WILL VISIT MY MOTHER IN NEW JERSEY! IS THAT CLEAR?!

Yes, Harold!

Yes, Father!

Yes, Sir!



MIDDLE  
1900'S

With a growing permissiveness and independence within the Family structure, the Father, in an effort to be fair, no longer commanded. Now, he asked. The only trouble was...nobody answered.

Hey, gang! What say we visit Granny in New Jersey? Okay, scratch that! What say she visits us from New Jersey? Okay, then it's settled! We'll meet her half-way, like in the middle of the Lincoln Tunnel, and wave!

Now, what say I buy her a car first... so she doesn't get killed?!!



...AND  
TODAY

Nowadays, in a sense, we have returned to some old fashioned values. Once again, the Family is ruled by a dictatorial, powerfully built, strong masculine presence, mainly the American Mother!

TODAY, WE WILL VISIT MY MOTHER IN PHILADELPHIA! IS THAT CLEAR?!

Yes, Agatha!

Yes, Mother!

Yes, Sir!



# MENTAL PROBLEMS

EARLY  
1900'S

During this period, there was a very simple way to treat mental problems.

I don't know what's wrong with me! I'm so depressed lately! I—I think I'm on the verge of a nervous breakdown!

All you need is a change of scene! How'd you like to go to CONEY ISLAND

But you know how I hate the beach! That awful sand! That dirty ocean! That burning sun!

Okay, then how'd you like to go to a Lunatic Asylum?

BY THE SEA, BY THE SEA, BY THE BEAUTIFUL SEA...



MIDDLE  
1900'S

Folks were more realistic about Mental Health. Psychoanalysis was popular, and people were a lot richer for it. Mainly, the Psychiatrists.

Doctor... I've been seeing you three times a week at \$25.00 a visit for the last ten years! When am I ever going to be CURED?!

Your hour is up! We'll discuss it next time!

Next time! It's always next time! Well, there's not going to BE a next time! I've had it! It's like throwing money down a toilet!

NOW you're CURED!

I am! Then how come I feel lousy!

We'll discuss it next time!



...AND  
TODAY

Nowadays, Psychiatry is gradually being phased out. Because people are better adjusted now?!? You gotta be kidding!!

How are things, Rob?

Fantastic! I'm into Group Therapy, Encounter, Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, EST, and Gestalt

Great! Then you've finally learned to cope with the REAL WORLD!!

COPE with the real world? For the last 5 years, I haven't even been IN it!

How come...?

Because I spend all my time in Group Therapy, Encounter, Yoga, Transcendental Meditation, EST and Gestalt!



# PROFANITY

EARLY  
1900'S

In those days, very few kids used Profanity. And if they ever did, the roof would fall in.

What's going on, Abigail?

Little Theodore said a dirty word and Mother is washing out his mouth with soap and water.



MIDDLE  
1900'S

Then, ALL kids were using Profanity, except they'd never dare use it around the house...

What are you doing in there, Marvin...?!

Smoking a cigarette... drinking booze... reading a dirty book... and other things!

All right... that's nice... as long as you don't curse!



...AND  
TODAY

Nowadays, it isn't even worth discussing...

You're nothing but a **\*\*\*\*\*** and a **\*\*\*\*\*** and a **\*\*\*\*\*** not to mention a **\*\*\*\*\***!

Good Lord! Those are absolutely the **FOULEST** words I've heard since I left the Navy! Please—keep your voice down! Do you want the kids to hear you?!

HEAR ME? Who do you think **TAUGHT** them to me?!



## LEISURE TIME

EARLY  
1900'S

In this period, families used to gather together in the living room and have all kinds of fun among themselves...



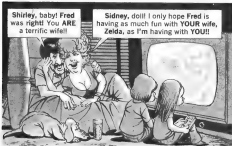
MIDDLE  
1900'S

With the advent of television, families gathered in the living room, but they were so engrossed in the tiny 7-inch screen that they hardly paid any attention to each other...or anything else.



...AND  
TODAY

Once again, as in the good old days, families are gathering in living rooms and having fun among themselves. There's only one problem: Sometimes, the families are a little mixed up.



## CAREERS

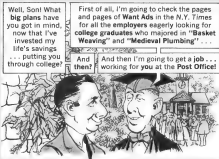
EARLY  
1900'S

In those days, most boys' Careers were planned long in advance...usually by their Fathers...



MIDDLE  
1900'S

With the GI Bill of Rights after World War II, and a booming economy, many boys were able to go to college and to choose their own Careers.



...AND  
TODAY

With the Rock Music Industry where it is today, many young people have no problem at all with their Careers. But hiring good help is tough.



## DRESS

**EARLY 1900'S**

In those days, most people dressed very fancy and wore tons of clothes. For instance, women wore corsets and girdles and eight petticoats and three hoop skirts and God knows what else.



**MIDDLE 1900'S**

In the Great Depression, most people couldn't afford fancy clothes even if they wanted them. In fact, one third of the nation was in rags.



**...AND TODAY**

We've got problems today, but there's still a lot of affluence in the land. So how come now everybody dresses like "Oakies" all the time?!



## PREGNANCY

**EARLY 1900'S**

In keeping with the Victorian approach toward sex, whenever a woman learned that she was Pregnant, she'd never come right out and say it. Instead, she'd throw little hints around.



**MIDDLE 1900'S**

Then, while a husband and wife were still coy about the subject of Pregnancy, at least they acknowledged what they were fumbling about.



**...AND TODAY**

There's very little hemming and hawing . . . and everything is on the table . . .



# MONEY

EARLY  
1900'S

In those days, there was only one thing to do with money: Save it.

Son, it's your 18th birthday, and I'm giving you a check for \$5000!

Thanks, Dad! Now I can go out and buy a Stutz Bearcat!

Waste your money on an automobile? That's foolish and irresponsible! Be thrifty! Save it!



MIDDLE  
1900'S

Well, the Son did exactly as his Father had advised and put the \$5000 in a bank! Then, 40 years later, on HIS Son's 18th birthday:

Son, 40 years ago, my Father gave me a check for \$5000 on my 18th birthday! I wanted to buy a Stutz Bearcat, but he advised me to put it in the bank, and I did! Now, that \$5000 has grown to \$13,000 ... and I'd like to give that money to you on this, your 18th birthday!

Waste your money on a car? That's foolish and irresponsible, Son! Be thrifty! Save it!

Thanks, Dad! I think I'll buy a Rolls Royce!



...AND  
TODAY

Well, the Son obeyed his Father's wishes and put the \$13,000 in the bank. Then, 26 years later, the Son told the story to HIS Son and gave him the money, now grown to \$20,000...

Here, Son, and there's a lesson in thrift you can learn from that original \$5000! Do you know what \$20,000 can buy today?

But if your Grandpa had bought a Stutz Bearcat instead of putting that \$5000 in the bank, what would you have now ... ?

One thing I can't stand is a smart-ass kid!!

Yeah! About what \$5000 could buy 65 years ago!

An antique automobile worth about \$45,000!!



# DEATH

EARLY  
1900'S

During this period, the subject of Death was avoided, and if it ever was discussed, it was treated like some beautiful, mysterious thing.

I have something to tell you all! Dear Grandpa has gone to his Reward! Yes, he's left this Vale of Tears, and he's gone to meet his Maker across the Great Divide!

Say what you want ... sounds like the ol' boy CROAKED to me!



MIDDLE  
1900'S

Then, people were more candid about Death. However, the results weren't much better.

Mom, I've got some terrible news ... Grandma just died!

Oh, no! Why her? She was so young! She had so much to live for! Life is cruel! She was everything to me! She raised me as a girl! She nursed me ... fed me—

Hold it, Mom ... ! Not YOUR Mother! DAD's Mother!!

Oh, well ... when you gotta go, you gotta go!



...AND  
TODAY

Nowadays, things aren't as bad! They're worse!

Mom, it's Dad—at the airport! His flight just landed safely!

There goes another \$300,000 insurance policy shot to hell!



A FLAG ON THE PLOY DEPT.

# INFRACOCTIONS

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

## THE INFRACTION:



## THE CALL:

"Holding"



## THE PENALTY:

Having To Listen To One's Own  
Drivel For A Whole Evening



## THE INFRACTION:



## THE CALL:

"Piling On"



## THE PENALTY:

Being Barred From Use Of The  
Bathroom For Duration Of Event



## THE INFRACTION:



## THE CALL:

"Tripping"



## THE PENALTY:

One 340-Pound Return Stomp



# WE'D LIKE TO SEE CALLED IN EVERYDAY LIFE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES



## THE INFRACTION:



## THE CALL:

"Pushing"



## THE PENALTY:

Being Forced To Miss The  
Next Two Commuter Busses



## THE INFRACTION:



## THE CALL:

"Interference  
—By Grandma"



## THE PENALTY:

Having To Spend One Week Alone  
With The Little Darlings



## THE INFRACTION:



## THE CALL:

"Fouling"



## THE PENALTY:

Enforced Exposure During Heat Of Summer



**THE INFRACTION:****THE CALL:**

"Passing To An Illegal Receiver Downfield"

**THE PENALTY:**

Insufficient Tip

**THE INFRACTION:****THE CALL:**

"Too Much Time Out"

**THE PENALTY:**

Garlic Breath From Next Five Patients

**THE INFRACTION:****THE CALL:**

"Too Much Time In The Huddle"

**THE PENALTY:**

Having To Spend Remainder Of Evening With Her Parents

**THE INFRACTION:****THE CALL:**

"Clipping"

**THE PENALTY:**

Internal Revenue Audits Of Five Years Of Overcharging





**MOORE OF THE SAME DEPT.**

Hi, there! Remember me? That adorable nincompoop from "The Mary Taylor-Made Show"?

Well, I have my own series these days! And, although it's hard to believe, I'm a bigger star now than I was before! I'm also a bigger nincompoop! Which, if you remember me from the old days, is even HARDER to believe! In fact, I'm downright

# PHOOOLISH

Anyway . . . not long ago, my poor Husband . . . **Lard** . . . died! But if you think that it destroyed my overall will to live, you really underestimate me!

I squared my shoulders, I dried my tears, and I did what any gutsy, liberated Widow would do under the same circumstances! I moved into a big house in San Francisco with my Husband's wealthy Parents! And if you believe THAT for a premise of A TV Series, come around! I want to sell you the Golden Gate Bridge!

Well, our episode is about to begin, so meet the only two people in the whole world who would tolerate a middle-aged idiot . . . mainly, two **ELDERLY** idiots!

Hello, everybody! Golly, I'm a lucky girl to be staying with you two wonderful people! You make me feel so good! You're the only ones I've ever met who are **HAPPIER** than I am!

You make US feel good, too, dear!

That's nice! How come?

You're the only one **WE'VE** ever met who is **DUMBER** than we are!



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

I'm so glad! How are you this evening, Tawdry? Did you have a rough day at the office?

That's hard to say since I haven't been to the office yet today! Another thing, this isn't evening, it's morning! And thirdly, I'm Yawnathan! SHE's Tawdry!

Oh, well! None out of three isn't bad!

Bad?!? For YOU . . . that's **GREAT!**

What are you two going to talk about before we develop our customary weekly moronic problem?

I've got it, Tawdry! Why don't we make some more of those cute little geriatric jokes about our sex life?

Good idea! Sex is a healthy subject . . . and too many elderly folks in our audience have not only given it up, but are revolted by it!

Since when have elderly folks been revolted by sex?

Since we started making those cute little jokes about it!



Golly gee, don't we have FUN around here!

You bet! But sometimes, I can't help worrying about the plausibility of this Series! I mean, who could swallow a grown woman coming to live with her In-Laws? Who could buy all of us living in this luxury on my income? And only an imbecile would believe I'm a Judge!

Yawnathan, I believe you're a Judge!

That's what I mean!!



Well, Phoolish . . . what idiotic problem have you come up with that we can chuckle about this week?

Gee, whippersnappers, I don't know, Yawnathan! Everything seems to be hunky-dory this week! I . . . I guess I don't HAVE a problem!



Oh, c'mon! You ALWAYS have a problem! Remember last week, when you thought you had a deadly disease, but then we found out it was only heat rash . . . and you'd accidentally mixed up your X-ray plates with an 86-year-old man's! God, how we all laughed at that till we thought we'd die! Including the old man . . . who DID!!

No, dear! I believe you saw that one on a re-run of "My Little Margie"!

And what do you think THIS show is? Come on, Phoolish . . . what's your dolittle little problem for this week?

Honest injun', I just don't HAVE a problem!



Okay . . . where's Judge Drucker?!

But cheer up! I think YOU might have one!



I'm Judge Drucker! What do you want with me?

Don't you remember me? Charles "Bugsy" Rocko? You sent me to prison 40 years ago, and I swore I'd get you when I got out! Well, Judge, I got out on Monday!

But how did you find me so fast?

It was the weirdest coincidence! Some crazy woman tipped me off!

Hello, Mr. Rocko!

Hello, crazy woman!



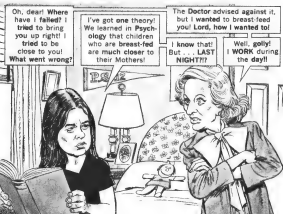
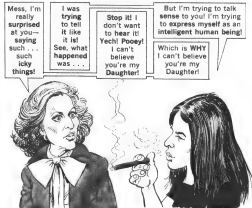
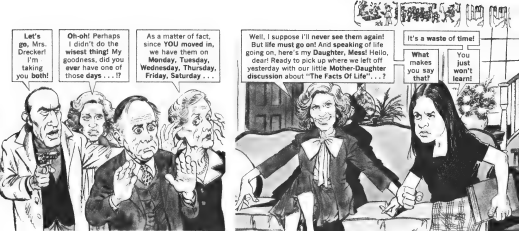
Okay, Phoolish . . . you can tell me! How did it happen . . . ?

I was sitting in this cocktail lounge, and I heard Mr. Rocko telling a friend how, if he ever finds Judge Drucker, he'd like to take him for a RIDE! And since I knew you and Tawdry were planning a trip to Canada, and I know how much you like company, and—crima-netties, a car pool saves you so much money! So have a nice time and hurry back!

Hurry back?! I'm going on a one way trip!!

Golly! That's even cheaper!





"Morning, Drooolie!

But, jinkies! It's Nine O'clock!  
That's what time work begins . . . !

Thanks,  
Drooolie!  
It's  
sure  
swell  
to  
feel  
wanted!

Phoolish,  
did you  
develop  
the photos  
for the  
Schlock  
Ad Agency  
campaign?

Of course!  
Yesterday!  
But let me  
tell you  
what ELSE  
I did  
yesterday!

Later! Right now, I need  
those photos! The head of  
the Agency will be here  
any minute . . . and that's  
our most important account!

Droolie . . . ! Come quick!!  
We're in BIG TROUBLE!!

Phoolish, what's  
the idea of getting  
in at this hour?  
Don't you know  
what time it is?!

I know! I was just hoping you'd  
come late once in a while! Every  
moment without you around here  
is a lifetime of delirious joy!

DROOLIE IRKSOME

What is  
it, Leon?

It's the  
Schlock  
Ad Agency  
photos!  
They're  
RUINED!

My God! We'll  
lose the account!  
And I'll lose my  
business! What  
a DISASTER!!  
Phoolish . . .  
how did this  
happen?? What  
did you DO???

Golly, I don't know! But remember  
how dull and drab this room used  
to be! Well, yesterday, I bought  
some Danish lamps, and I had some  
new fluorescent lighting put in,  
and I had a new picture window  
installed! Isn't it keen? You can  
see the whole city out there.

PHOOLISH!  
This is a  
DARK  
ROOM!!

Not any  
MORE  
it's  
not!

How silly! I thought  
this sort of thing  
only happened in  
Comic Strips! But I  
guess I was wrong!

. . . and I thought  
YOUR SORT of thing  
only happened in  
Comic Strips! But I  
guess I was wrong!!



Goodness gracious, if it isn't one  
thing, it's another! It's certainly  
not easy being a Free-Lance Nitwit!  
Gosh, I'm all alone, now! And I feel  
so depressed! And usually, when I'm  
depressed, I think of the only one  
who ever loved me and really under-  
stood me, my late Husband, Lard!

But—sob—he's  
dead, and I'll  
never see him  
again! Not until  
I, too, cross  
The Great Beyond!

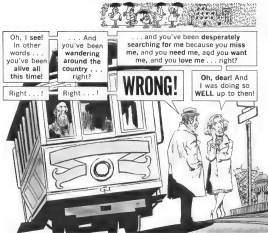
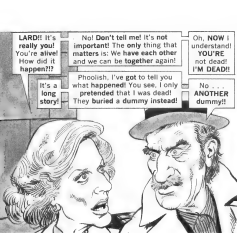
Oh, hi, Lard . . .

That's  
LARD!!  
I must be  
dreaming!

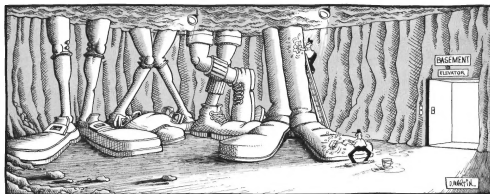
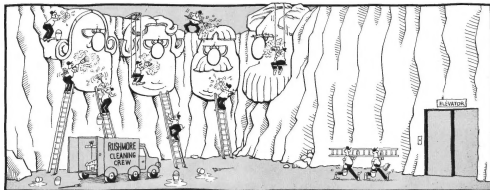
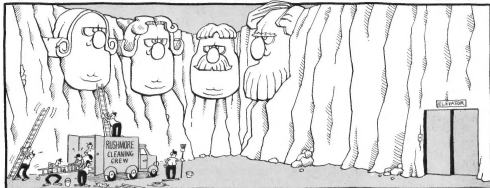
Officer, am I  
crossing  
The Great  
Beyond?!

No, lady, you're crossing Powell  
Street! To get to The Great Beyond,  
you stand here for one more minute,  
until a Cable Car clobbers you!!





# ONE DAY AT MOUNT RUSHMORE



**WHAT  
IMPORTANT  
EXECUTIVE  
POSITION  
SHOULD YOU  
TRAIN FOR?**

## HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Most of us are familiar with the typical corporate executive positions that exist in the world of big business. But one important position has come to light lately which offers a fantastic new area of advancement for ambitious young executive trainees. To learn this position, fold in the page as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

**A ▶**

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

**◀ B** FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

**CORPS OF CAREFULLY-TRAINED PEOPLE ARE NEEDED TO INVIGORATE  
BROKEN DOWN COMPANIES. AND JOINING THIS EXECUTIVE TRIBE  
OFFERS REWARDS THAT CAN MAKE ALL-AROUND-LIVING LOTS NICER**

**A ▶**

**◀ B**

# LET US ~~X~~ SPRAY



**LAST  
GASP  
AEROSOL**

**DESTROYS  
OZONE LAYERS**

**IRRITATES  
SKIN & EYES**

**CLOGS  
LUNGS AND  
BRONCHIAL TUBES**



WHAT  
IMPORTANT  
EXECUTIVE  
POSITION  
SHOULD YOU  
TRAIN FOR?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



ARTIST & WRITER:  
AL JAFFEE

CORPORATE  
BRIBE  
OFFICER

A ► ◀ B